

Free From Rheumatism.

If the people generally knew the true cause of Rheumatism, there would be no such thing as liniments and lotions for this painful and disabling disease. The fact is, Rheumatism is a disordered state of the blood—it can be reached, therefore, only through the blood. But all blood remedies cannot cure Rheumatism, for it is an obstinate disease, one which requires a *real blood remedy*—something more than a mere tonic. Swift's Specific is the only real blood remedy and promptly goes to the very bottom of even the most obstinate case. Like all other blood diseases, the doctors are totally unable to cure Rheumatism. In fact, the only remedies which they prescribe are potash and mercury, and though temporary relief may result, these remedies produce a stiffness of joints and only intensify the disease. Those who have had experience with Rheumatism know that it becomes more severe each year.



The case of Mrs. James Kell, of 619 Ninth Street, S.E., Washington, D.C., should convince everyone that it is useless to expect doctors to cure Rheumatism. Under recent date she writes: "A few months ago I had an attack of Sciatic Rheumatism in its worst form. The pain was so intense that my nervous system was prostrated, and I was for a long time perfectly helpless. The attack was an unusually severe one, and my condition was regarded as being very dangerous."

"I was attended by one of the most able doctors of Washington City, who is also a member of the faculty of the leading college here. He told me to continue his prescription and I would get well. After having it refilled twelve times and receiving not the least benefit, I declined to take it longer."

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DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

EAST BOUND.		
Live Frankfort.....	6:30am	3:30pm
Att. Elkhorn.....	6:45am	3:45pm
Att. Elkhorn.....	6:51am	3:51pm
Att. Stamping Ground.....	7:02am	3:59pm
Att. Davala.....	7:08am	4:05pm
Att. Georgetown.....	7:20am	4:15pm
Live Georgetown.....	8:00am	4:30pm
Att. Newtontown.....	8:15am	4:45pm
Att. Centerville.....	8:22am	4:52pm
Att. Elizabethtown.....	8:28am	4:58pm
Att. Paris.....	8:30am	5:00pm

WEST BOUND.		
Live Paris.....	9:30am	5:30pm
Att. Elizabethtown.....	9:35am	5:35pm
Att. Centerville.....	9:40am	5:40pm
Att. Newtontown.....	9:48am	5:48pm
Att. Georgetown.....	9:58am	6:00pm
Live Georgetown.....	10:00am	6:00pm
Att. Davala.....	10:05am	6:05pm
Att. Stamping Ground.....	10:10am	6:10pm
Att. Elkhorn.....	10:15am	6:15pm
Att. Elkhorn.....	10:20am	6:20pm

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THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

I have a little boy of six
Who sets me quite a task
And often puts me in a fix
By questions that he'll ask.
"What holds the moon up in the sky?
Where does the sunshine go?
Why does my baby brother cry?"
Are things he wants to know.
"Where does the gas go when put out?"
He asked me yesterday.
The question filled my mind with doubt
I wondered what to say.
"If all the good people that die,"
Says he, "in heaven are crowned,
Why don't they go up in the sky
Instead of in the ground?"
"Who lights the stars up every night
And turns them out at dawn?
What makes the snow so very white?
Where is the new year born?
Why have all negroes curly hair?
What makes their skin so black?
What makes a wheel go round, and where
Do old ducks get their quack?"
"Why can't we see the wind at all?
What makes the water wet?"
These and such questions daily fall
From the wee lips of my pet.
He's most embarrassing at times
Interrogating me.
Yet when upon my knee he climbs
I'm happy as can be!
—Twinkles.

A NOVELIST'S BRIDE.

The betrothal and marriage of Mme. Octave Feuillet is told by herself, with charming naivete and wit, in "Quelques Annes de Ma Vie."

I was nearly 19 years old. My mother insisted that I must marry. Every week she presented a new aspirant, but when, after each interview, she asked, "Does this one suit you?" I replied, "No, not this one."

My father urged me also. It was generally during our horseback rides in the country, while we let our horses walk along the pretty routes, that he undertook my conversion.

"I know some one," he said one day, "who loves you, and who this morning has asked for your hand."

"Another? Good heavens!"
"Yes, another, but I hope you will not rebel when you hear the name of this one."

"Tell me, my father, who it is."

"It is your cousin, Octave Feuillet."

"What, my cousin! Is it possible that he loves me. He hardly knows me, living so far away. I have perhaps danced three times with him, and that is all."

"Very well, that is sufficient. He desires you to become his wife. He desires it ardently. Your mother and I would be in despair should you disappoint him with a refusal."

"My father, let me have a little time for reflection."

"Not too long," answered my father, "and may God inspire you."

God inspired me that same night to think my cousin charming. Again, in imagination, I saw him at those three balls where I had danced with him and recalled his handsome figure and bearing, his distinguished looking features and his slightly haughty air.

I remembered the grace with which he bowed to a woman, particularly to my mother. I recalled the words he had spoken to the music of the orchestra during the quadrilles—words which did not resemble in any way the trivial phrases I was accustomed to hear. He talked as well as he wrote. He had already a great reputation among literary persons, and his novels and poems were making a sensation in the world.

And was it I who was destined to become the wife of this poet, of this gentleman? I could not believe in such good fortune. In accepting it I felt uneasy.

It seemed to me impossible not to disappoint the accomplished being who had deigned to choose me. When I thought of his worth, I felt my own inferiority. I found myself provincial and ignorant. Nevertheless my father had said that he loved me.

He loved me in spite of all my deficiencies. It remained for me to recompense him by working for self improvement. After having devoted my thoughts exclusively to him I turned in imagination to the existence we would lead.

We should doubtless live in Paris, this beautiful Paris which I had not seen since the journey with the ladies of —. No more visits to the tombs of St. Denis, but presentations to the friends of my husband and drives in fiacres from museums to churches and from churches to museums.

And then the installation of our apartment and the purchasing of elegant furniture, which would make it charming—how beautiful did all these dreams appear when I compared them with the monotony of the present!

The effect of all this was that I did not sleep till morning.

I shall never forget that evening when my cousin came the first time as a fiancé. We awaited him in my mother's room. My father walked up and down, giving me his arm. My brothers were on the staircase ready to fall on the neck of the visitor.

When I heard the bell ring, which caused commotion throughout the house, I was so agitated, so troubled, so nervous over the new role assigned me, that, losing all thought of propriety, all desire to please my fiancé, I ran toward the window and enveloped myself in the curtains.

There I should have remained entrenched behind these curtains, a position which would have given me confidence, had not my father indignantly unrolled me and thrown me into the arms of my cousin, who appeared a little surprised at this welcome.

"It is timidity," said my mother in a low voice, at the same time smoothing my ruffled hair. "She loves you, I am sure."

This undignified reception did not discourage my fiancé. He made me pretty speeches all the evening and happy promises, to which I listened with downcast eyes. The next day came some charming verses from him addressed to my mother, but which I had not time to read.

On the 25th of March, 1847, I was married at an early hour, before eight o'clock, on account of my cousin. It was

the day I was to leave the paternal home and take in the presence of God my title as madame.

Midnight was the customary hour for marriages in our part of the country. I was in hopes of having the day to myself, but I was obliged to busy myself in all sorts of ways, to try for the last time my wedding gown, to arrange flowers, and so forth.

Toward the end of the day, while the last touches were being added to my toilet, Victoire, my maid, who had been occupied in carrying different things to my new home, returned in consternation, saying that my cousin was not well, and that they did not know whether the wedding could take place.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" said my mother. And she ran to carry her anxiety into the bosom of the united family. They took counsel together, and two relatives were sent as ambassadors to the fiancé. During this time my mother ran from room to room, calling all the servants, ringing bells, recommending calmness and doing her utmost to deprive me and everybody else of it.

Finally the ambassadors reappeared. "He is coming. He will be here in a few moments," they cried, ascending the stairs. "The indisposition has passed away." And they wiped their foreheads as they spread the good news.

After an hour's waiting the door opened, and my cousin entered the room. He was very pale, but very handsome, and I felt proud to belong to him. "I have been a little indisposed," he said, giving me his hand, "but I am quite well now, and I love you." This "I love you" came like a whisper, and I felt myself growing pale and flushed at the same time.

The dinner was long and serious. We were surrounded by aged relatives. My grandmother Dubois did not break her cold reserve, except to say to the servants, "Do not spoil my dress." My husband's uncle, a retired officer, who sat at my right, had a stomach trouble and ate nothing. He spent his time in finding fault with the others because they ate so much.

"My child," he said to me, "do not eat too much today. It is not good for you." And I could easily believe it. Emotion closed my throat so completely that not a cherry could have passed it.

While waiting for the departure for church the men went to smoke and the women gathered around me like bees.

"Ah, my dear," said one, "the great moment is at hand."

"Your dress is very beautiful," said another, "but dead white is not becoming to your complexion. It makes you look so dark. How will you arrange your veil? Will it cover your hair?"

"There are too many flowers in your wreath," said another. "Give me the scissors and let me cut out some of them."

Harassed with this feminine enthusiasm and this idle chatter, I asked for a moment's respite and flew to my own little chamber. It was almost empty. Nearly everything that belonged to me had been carried away during the day and taken to my future home. The bed alone remained, and against the wall, between its muslin curtains, my basin of holy water. I fell upon my knees, moistened my fingers in the sacred water, then, carrying them to my forehead, murmured, "Lord, protect me."

We set out for the mayor's office, then we proceeded to the church. A fine rain was falling, and the dampness penetrated behind the glass of the carriage windows. I ascended the steps of the cathedral shivering. The harmonious notes of the organ greeted me under the somber arches. Clouds of incense were wafted toward me. The cure, standing under the great crucifix, addressed some remarks to me, my husband placed upon my finger the sacred ring, and all was over.—Providence Journal.

Sense of Touch Wanting.
One has heard of heartless women and women without feeling, but that a human being can exist without any sense of touch seems marvelous, yet this is claimed for Mrs. Evarina Tardo, a young widow in the West Indies. Physicians who have known her case pronounce it a physiological freak. She is said to be wholly without feeling, has swallowed poison, been shot, bitten by rattlesnakes, received a puncture in her heart from a doctor's lance and had her neck dislocated, all without experiencing any pain. Besides these experiments, she can without injury drink benzine and light the gas at a hollow needle which pierces her cheek. This strange assertion is backed by the word of physicians of repute. As a child she was bitten by a cobra, and it is claimed that her sensory nerves were paralyzed and her system inoculated with poison.—New York Tribune.

A Royal Relic.
At the recent German military maneuvers Emperor William on one occasion was smoking a cigarette when he saw approaching the carriage containing the empress of Austria and the queen of Italy. He at once threw away his cigarette and galloped off to meet them. Like a horde of savages the crowd of spectators threw themselves upon the precious cigarette stump, fighting for its possession. After a Homeric struggle a worthy peasant secured it. Several Englishmen surrounded him, and he finally yielded up the imperial cigarette, covered with mud, for several pieces of good gold.

Disconcerting.
"It may interest you, children," said the returned missionary, who was addressing the Sunday school, "if I tell you of an adventure I had once in India. While going through a jungle I came face to face with a lion. There was no chance to retreat, and I had nothing to defend myself with. I stood perfectly still and looked the fierce beast steadily in the eye."

"With a roar," said a breathless little boy in the front class—Chicago Tribune.

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ALL persons having claims against the assigned estate of H. Margolen are requested to present them at once properly proven as required by law, to be undersigned, in Paris, Ky. Those mowing themselves indebted to H. Margolen are requested to pay promptly and thereby avoid court cost.

LOUIS SALOSHIN, Assignee.
HARMON STITT, Attorney.
(11my)

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